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ANNE RICE'S SERVANT OF THE BONES



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Azriel, the Servant of the Bones, saved the scholar Jonathan in his remote cabin one wintry night. He then tells him a tale of ancient Babylon, gods, kings, and secret rites. Able to see the great god of Babylon, Marduk, Azriel is sentenced to a terrible fate by his elders. But even he doesn't know the horror that awaits him...

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"I WAS DIZZY."

"THE KETTLE HAD COOKED A BLEND OF GOLDEN GLAZE AND WHATEVER ELSE WENT INTO IT."

"THE PERFUMS WAS RICH AND DELICIOUS. I REEKED."

KEEP YOUR EYES WIDE, AZRIEL.

SMILE, MY BEAUTIFUL BOY. DO YOU HEAR THAT NOISE OUTSIDE?

IT SOUNDS LIKE THE ENTIRE CITY ROARING.

"WITHIN SECONDS WE WERE HIGH ON THE WAGON. CYRUS JOINED US."

"IT WAS A WAR CHARIOT. THE ATTENDANTS HELPED ME AT THE WAIST. I WAS UNSTEADY."

"I TURNED TO CYRUS. HOW SPLENDID AND BEAUTIFUL HE LOOKED."

"THEN THEY OPENED THE GATES AND..."





*...THE PEOPLE
FLOODED IN.

*THE PROCESSION BEGAN.
THE HEBREWS WERE ON THE
ROOFTOPS. I COULD HEAR THEM
SINGING THE PSALMS OF ZION.

*THE CROWD WAS IN ECSTASY.
EVERY HOUSE ALONG THE
PROCESSIONAL WAY SEEMED
A LIVING THING.

*IT WAS ALL A HAZE.

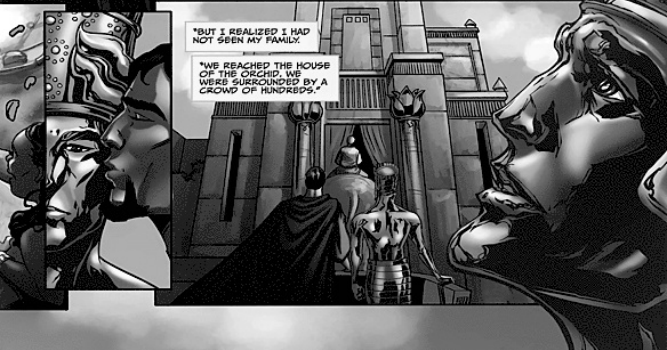
*WE PASSED OVER
THE RIVER. I WAS
ONLY DIMLY AWARE.

YOU ARE
MY GOD,
AZRIEL. HOLD
MY HAND.



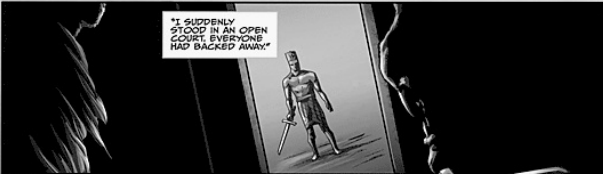
"AGAIN AND AGAIN I
HEARD THE HEBREW
MUSIC. IT FOLLOWED US.

"I COULD FEEL THE
GOLD HARDENING ALL
OVER ME, BUT I WAS
AS ONE SO DRUNK IT
DOESN'T MATTER."



"BUT I REALIZED I HAD
NOT SEEN MY FAMILY.

"WE REACHED THE HOUSE
OF THE ORCHID. WE
WERE SURROUNDED BY A
CROWD OF HUNDREDS."



"I SUDDENLY
STOOD IN AN OPEN
COURT. EVERYONE
HAD BACKED AWAY."



LIFT YOUR
ARMS. TAKE YOUR
SWORD FROM ITS
SCABBARD. RAISE
IT HIGH.

"THE WORLD
WAS SWIMMING
BEFORE ME."

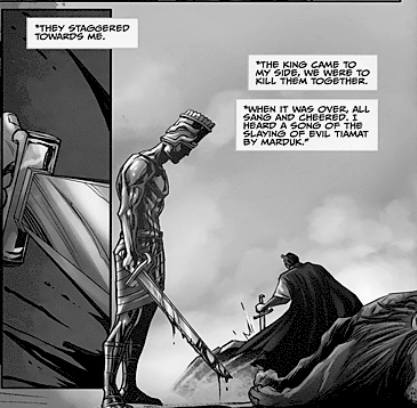
"REMATH GAVE
ME A POTION OF
BLOOD AND HONEY."

"THEN I HEARD A
ROAR I KNEW."



DON'T
FEAR, THEY
ARE DRUGGED.
THESE LIONS
WANT TO DIE
FOR YOU.

"I LAUGHED. I WAS
HALF DEAD. I COULD
BARELY FEEL MY SKIN."



"THEY STAGGERED
TOWARDS ME."

"THE KING CAME TO
MY SIDE. WE WERE TO
KILL THEM TOGETHER."

"WHEN IT WAS OVER, ALL
SANG AND CHEERED. I
HEARD A SONG OF THE
SLAYING OF EVIL TIAMAT
BY MARDUK."



"I STOOD
ALONE AGAIN.

"THE PRIESTS PAINTED ME
WITH THE BLOOD AND HONEY.

"I HEARD THE BEES.

"THE STINGS DID NOT
PENETRATE THE GOLD.

"I WAS FILLED WITH
LOATHING AS THEY
COVERED ME. BUT THEY
DIED AS THEY STUNG.

"THEY CARRIED ME
TO THE ROOF.

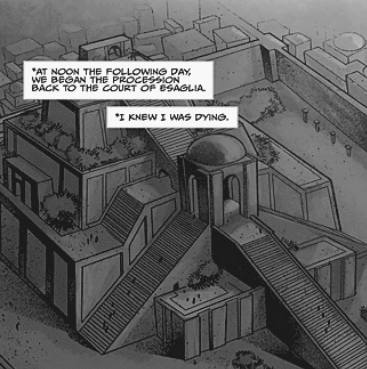
"IT IS SO VERY
BEAUTIFUL," I SAID,
BUT THERE WAS NO
ONE TO HEAR ME.

"I LIFTED MY SWORD TO
THE EAST, WEST, NORTH
AND SOUTH. THE CROWDS
SANG BACK AT ME.

"THE WORLD
SEEMED A PIT
OF MADNESS.

"THE SMILE WAS FIXED
ON MY FACE NOW BY
HARDENED GOLD.

"I SLEPT."



*AT NOON THE FOLLOWING DAY,
WE BEGAN THE PROCESSION
BACK TO THE COURT OF ESAGLIA.

*I KNEW I WAS DYING.



*I COULD
SCARCELY
MOVE.

*I WAS NOT
TIRED SO MUCH
AS STUNNED.

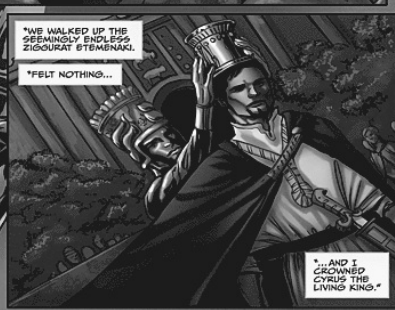
*I FELT A TERRIBLE
SADNESS AND CONFUSION.
SOMETHING WAS WRONG.

*THEN, AS IF IT
WERE AN ANSWER
TO A PRAYER...



*I STRUGGLED TO HEAR IT
MORE CLEARLY, MY FAMILY'S
BLESSED VOICES.

*THE SINGING
WENT ON AND ON,
FOLLOWING US.



*WE WALKED UP THE
SEEMINGLY ENDLESS
ZIGOURAT ESTEMENAKI.

*FELT NOTHING...

*...AND I
CROWNED
CYRUS THE
LIVING KING.*

"NOW I COULD DIE."

"WE WERE TAKEN
DOWN TO THE
COURTYARD."

"THE BANQUET
LASTED FOR HOURS."

"FINALLY IT CAME
TO AN END."

"WE WILL
CARRY YOU
UP TO THE
SHRINE."

"WE HAVE
ONE MORE
RITUAL TO
PERFORM."

"I DIDN'T CARE."

"I FELT AN UNBEARABLE
HEAT. I SAW ARSENATH
BENT OVER A HUGE FIRE."

"I THOUGHT I HEARD
MY FATHER'S VOICE, BUT
I COULDN'T BE SURE."

"THEN I HEARD
ARSENATH SPEAK."

"IT IS POWERFUL
MAGIC. DO YOU WANT
HIM TO DIE? GIVE
IT TO ME!"

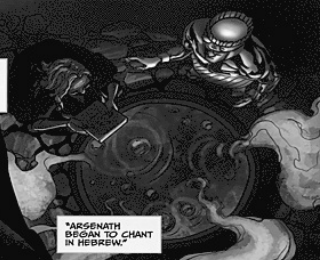
"AZRIEL?"

"I ONLY SAW HIM
FOR AN INSTANT."

SLAM



"I WAS STANDING,
TOO RIGID TO
MOVE, STARING AT
THEM. WHAT WERE
THEY DOING?"



"ARSENATH
BEGAN TO CHANT
IN HEBREW."



...AND THAT HE
SHOULD SEE HIS OWN
DEATH, HIS OWN SOUL,
HIS TZELEM SPIRIT, HIS
FLESH ALL BOILED IN THE
BONES, TO LIVE IN THE
BONES FOREVER, ONLY TO
BE CALLED FORTH BY THE
MASTER WHO KNOWS
HIS NAME, CALLS
HIS NAME...



NO! THAT IS
NOT A CHARM.
IT'S A CURSE.
YOU LYING
WITCH!



MARDUK!



"IT WAS UNTHINKABLE.

"IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE I
COULD KNOW SUCH PAIN.



"AND JUST WHEN I
THOUGHT I WOULD
GO BLANK MAD WITH
HORROR AND PAIN...



"...I SHOT UPWARDS. ABOVE
THE BOILING GOLD.

"THAT BODY HAD
BEEN MINE."

YES,
WATCH THE
FLESH FALL FROM
YOUR BONES. DON'T
TAKE YOUR EYES
OFF IT LEST YOU BE
DRAWN BACK DOWN
INTO AGONY AND
DEATH.



MARDUK!

IT'S YOUR
CHOICE. GO
BACK AND
DIE.

"FOR THE FIRST TIME
MARDUK LOOKED
SMALL TO ME. NOT
GRAND OR GODLY.

"MAYBE IT WAS COWARDICE,
BUT I COULD NOT GO BACK
DOWN INTO THAT PAIN. I
COULD NOT BE BOILED ALIVE.

"THERE WAS NO CHOICE."

*ARSENATH CHOKED
ON THE FUMES AND
FELL ON HER FACE.

"AT LAST THE POT
WAS EMPTY, ONLY THE
BONES WERE LEFT."

CALL IT TO
YOU, SPIRIT. CALL
THE FLESH
TO YOU.

WAKE UP!
OLD WOMAN!
WAKE UP! WHAT
DO I DO
NOW?

I AM THE
MASTER OF
THE BONES!

*MARDUK BACKED
AWAY FROM ME.

"MY BODY WAS DENSE
BUT IT DIDN'T FEEL
REAL. NO HEART, NO
LUNGS, NO SOUL. IT
HAD ONLY THE SHAPE
MY SPIRIT GAVE IT."

LOOK,
FOOL, SHE
IS DEAD.

IF YOU WANT
TO KNOW WHAT
TO DO, YOU'D
BETTER BRING
THE TABLET
TO ME.



"THERE WAS A HOWLING ALL AROUND US. I COULD SEE THE DENSE WORLD OF SPIRITS AS I HAD NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE.

"THE TABLET WAS IN OLD HEBREW. THE TEXT WAS DIFFICULT FOR ME:

"AND HAVING SEEN HIS DEATH, SEEN THE FLESH OF HIS BODY BOILED INTO THE BONES, SEALED IN GOLD FOREVER, LET HIM BE CALLED DOWN INTO THE BONES, MADE TO REMAIN IN THEM, UNTIL HIS MASTER SHOULD CALL HIM FORTH."

DO IT! GO INTO THE BONES!

"AND ONCE THESE BONES ARE ASSEMBLED, THEY SHALL FOREVER CONTAIN HIS SPIRIT. FOR THE SERVANT AND THE BONES ARE NOW ONE, AND NO SPIRIT UNDER HEAVEN CAN RIVAL THE STRENGTH OF THE SERVANT OF THE BONES."

WELL, THAT IS QUITE A STORY.

LIE QUIET, GO INTO THE BONES. RETURN TO THE BONES!

"I STUDIED HIM FOR A LONG MOMENT."

SKRRRSH

"ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF ME WAS IN A SACK. I WAS NOTHING, NOTHING, ONLY THE SEMBLANCE OF LIVING."

"I WENT THROUGH THE TEMPLE, CHALLENGED, BUT SPEARS WENT THROUGH MY BODY. SWORDS PASSED THROUGH MY BACK. I FELT NOTHING."

"I FELT LIKE NO MORE THAN A SHUDDER WHEN I WENT INTO KING CYRUS'S CHAMBER."

HOW?

AZRIEL! YOU HAVE CHEATED DEATH!

DO YOU KNOW ME? WHAT DO YOU SEE?

NO, I AM DEAD, LORD KING. YOU MUST REPAY ME.

WHO IS THE MOST POWERFUL SORCERER IN ALL THE WORLD? WHOM WOULD YOU TRUST YOUR OWN DAMNED SOUL TO IF YOU STOOD HERE AS I DO? I AM A HORROR.

HE IS IN MILSTUUS. HE ROAMS THE MARKET IN THAT GREAT GREEK CITY. HE SAYS LIFE'S PURPOSE IS TO KNOW AND TO LOVE.

HE IS A GOOD MAN?

DON'T YOU WANT A GOOD ONE?

"I HADN'T THOUGHT ABOUT IT. I COULD NOT REMEMBER THE NAMES OF THOSE I LOVED, OF THE OLD WOMAN WHO DIED WHO I HAD KNOWN ALL MY LIFE. I LOOKED AROUND THE ROOM IN CONFUSION, AND SAW THE CASSET.

"I LAID DOWN MY BONES AND THE TABLET, CUSHIONED IN SILK AND CEDAR."

SEND ME INTO THE BONES, MARDUK.

YOU MUST SEEK REFUGE. THIS IS ADVICE FROM A SPIRIT. GO INTO THEM AND COME OUT AGAIN QUICKLY. IF YOU CANNOT, I WILL CALL YOU FORTH.

"A HUGE WIND CAUGHT THE BED HANGINGS. I FELT IMMENSE AND AIRY."

"I FELT THE INTOLERABLE PRESS OF HOWLING, SCREAMING SOULS."

*THEN...

"...DARKNESS. IT WAS THE SWEETEST REST I HAD EVER KNOWN."

"ONLY I SHOULD DO SOMETHING NOW, SHOULD I NOT? BUT I COULDN'T. THEN..."

"SERVANT OF THE BONES, RISE AND TAKE FORM."

"I KNEW NOW THAT I DIDN'T HAVE THE POWER TO RETURN IF I ENTERED INTO THE BONES, BUT WHAT DID IT MATTER? THERE WAS THE VELVET SLEEP."

MARDUK,
COME WITH
ME.

I HAVEN'T THE
POWER. YOU ARE
AN ANGEL OF MIGHT,
OR A DEMON. I AM
FED BY BABYLON.
I CAN'T GO
WITH YOU.

LORD KING, SEND ME INTO
THE BONES. SEND ME TO THIS
WIZARD. I AM NEWBORN
AND NOT THAT STRONG.
I MUST TRUST...

TRUST IN ME,
AZRIEL. TODAY
YOU MADE ME A
KING OF THE
WORLD.

DID I DO
THAT FOR YOU,
BEAUTIFUL
MAN?

"MARDUK BECAME
A SPIRIT TO ME,
I DID NOT KNOW
HIM ANYMORE.

"I CAUGHT THE SUDDEN
SCENT OF ROSES, THE
FLOOR WAS COVERED
WITH PETALS."

WHAT IS
THIS CITY?
WHERE ARE
WE?

BABYLON.

"I THOUGHT, WHAT
A BEAUTIFUL CITY
THIS IS. SO FILLED
WITH BURNING
LIGHT, SO MUCH
LAUGHTER AND
MERRIMENT.

"WITHOUT RAISING MY
VOICE I DISSOLVED. I
PLUNGED AGAIN INTO
THE VELVET BLACKNESS.

"I WAS NOT TO REMEMBER THESE
MOMENTS, THESE MEMORIES, WHAT
I HAVE TOLD YOU HERE, JONATHAN...
FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS."



YOU SHOULD
REST NOW,
JONATHAN, OR
YOU'LL GET SICK
AGAIN, AND I
AM TIRED.

WHERE ARE
THE BONES,
AZRIEL?



I'LL TELL YOU
WHEN WE WAKE.
I'LL TELL YOU
EVERYTHING.

NOW YOU
MUST DRINK
MORE BROTH.

THE TELLING OF
THE TALE HAD
BEEN AN ORDEAL.
HE WAS ANXIOUS.

I WAS SHAKING
BADLY, MY THROAT
THICK, TONGUE
SWOLLEN.



I'LL NEVER
TELL IT AGAIN
TO ANYONE
ELSE.

WHAT CAN
I DO FOR
YOU?

WOULD
YOU LET ME
SLEEP BESIDE
YOU?

I NODDED.

IF THE
WHIRLWIND COMES
FOR ME, IF THE
SOULS COME, I
CAN REACH OUT
AND TOUCH YOUR
WARM HAND.

I PUT MY ARM AROUND HIM.
HE SMELLED OF CLEAN AIR
AND SWEET SMOKE. THE
MORNING WAS QUIET.



I WOKE IN THE
VERY LATE
AFTERNOON.

I HEARD HIM
SINGING.

BY THE RIVERS OF
BABYLON, THERE WE SAT
DOWN, YEA, WE WEPT
WHEN WE REMEMBERED
ZION...

A PUTRID SMELL FILLED
THE ROOM, AS FOUL AS
THE SMELL IN A MORGUE.



AZRIEL APPEARED
TO BE GREGORY
BELKIN. PALE,
FLICKERING.



MAY I
TURN ON THE
RECORDER
AGAIN?

HE WAS...
DIFFERENT, HE
LOOKED OLDER,
DARKER.

I CAN NO LONGER
SUMMON THE SHAPE OF
GREGORY BELKIN AT WILL.
HATE HAS ABANDONED ME AND
IT HAS TAKEN SOME POWER
WITH IT. I CANNOT HOLD THE
SEMBLANCE OF ANYONE
ELSE VERY LONG.

THERE'S A
LITTLE MORE I
SHOULD TELL YOU
BEFORE I COME
TO THE DEATH OF
ESTHER BELKIN.

THERE WERE
MASTERS I
DID LOVE.

TWO I WANT
TO DESCRIBE TO
YOU, THE OTHERS I
CAN'T REMEMBER OR
ARE NOT WORTH
REMEMBERING.

BUT I WANT TO
TELL YOU ABOUT
THE FIRST AND
LAST MASTERS
I OBEYED.

"CYRUS KEPT HIS WORD TO ME, TO EVERYONE."

"I AM EAGER TO GET ON TO THE PRESENT, BUT I WANT THIS KNOWN."

"ZURVAN ANNOUNCED HIMSELF TO ME DRAMATICALLY. I HAD GONE INTO THE BONES, INTO DARKNESS AND SLEEP."

"THERE WAS AN AWARENESS IN ME, BUT I CAN'T EXPRESS IT. PERHAPS I AM LIKE A TABLET IN MY SLEEP UPON WHICH HISTORY IS WRITTEN."

"ZURVAN CALLED ME."

AZRIEL, SERVANT OF THE BONES, COME TO ME, INVISIBLE, YOUR TZELEM ONLY FLY WITH YOUR MIGHT.

"I CAME TO HIM AND HE PERCEIVED MY INVISIBLE FORM AT ONCE."

AM, MAKE YOURSELF FLESH. YOU KNOW HOW. DO IT NOW!

WHERE ARE YOUR FINGERNAILS, EYELASHES? BRING ALL THESE DETAILS FORWARD.

FIX AN IMAGE AND YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR WORK. THAT'S IT.

NOW YOU ARE COMPLETE.

SPEAK, I WANT TO HEAR YOUR VOICE.

AND SAY WHAT? WHAT YOU TELL ME TO SAY? MY TRUE THOUGHTS OR SOME SERVILE NONSENSE? AM I YOUR SPIRIT/SLAVE?

YOU ARE PERHAPS THE GREATEST ANGEL OF MIGHT I'VE EVER SEEN. DON'T GO HUNGERING AFTER YOUR HUMAN FORM, YOU'RE BETTER NOW.

AM I? AM I GOOD OR EVIL? THE KING USED THE WORD ANGEL, BUT HE ALSO SAID DEMON.

YOU HAVE SUCH HATRED IN YOU, AZRIEL.

I DO HATE. I SEE A BOILING CAULDRON AND I FEEL TERROR. I HURT.

I DON'T WANT TO HATE OR BE ANGRY.

THERE IS ONLY ONE PURPOSE TO LIFE. TO BEAR WITNESS TO THE COMPLEXITY OF THE WORLD.

IT'S BEAUTY, ITS MYSTERIES, ITS RIDDLES. IF AN ACTIVITY IS NOT GROUNDED IN "TO LOVE" OR "TO LEARN" IT DOES NOT HAVE VALUE.

AND IF YOU HAVE A CHOICE, BE KIND. REMEMBER SUFFERING AND THOSE WHO NEED. KINDNESS IS A HUMAN MIRACLE, UNIQUE TO US AND OUR MORE DEVELOPED ANGELS. BE KIND.

"I TOLD HIM THAT I LOVED HIM. HE SAID HE WOULD LOVE ME, TOO. AND ONE DAY I WOULD HAVE TO WATCH HIM DIE."



"MY FIRST WAKING DAY IN MILETUS I WAS ONLY GRADUALLY CONSCIOUS OF MYSELF THAT I WAS AZRIEL, THAT I WAS HERE FOR SOME REASON.

"AND THAT I WAS DEAD.

"I HAD A SUPERSTITIOUS THOUGHT, THAT SPIRITS COULD NOT BE REFLECTED IN MIRRORS, YET THERE I WAS.

"I CALLED TO OTHER SPIRITS, THEN."



"AND THE ROOM WAS FULL OF THEM. I COULD SEE LAYERS OF THEM. IMPS, WELL-FORMED HUMANS, EYING ME WITH CAUTION. WITH FEAR.

"I SAW SPIRITS THAT SEEMED WEARY, FORLORN, PERHAPS THE NEWLY DEAD.



"THEN THE STILL AND THOUGHTFUL DEAD WERE INVADDED, HOWLING SPIRITS, UNWIRING, ANGRY. I REMEMBERED THEIR ATTACKS WHEN I WAS FIRST MADE SPIRIT.

"THEN I HEARD A VOICE."

WHERE ARE YOU? COME TO THE TAVERN, TO THE AGORA.

DO I NEED TO DRAW YOU A MAP? DON'T BE DISTRACTED BY THE LIVING OR SPIRITS AGAIN.



"I FELT A CRUSHING ANXIETY THAT I HAD NOT OBEYED HIM AT ONCE."

WHY DID YOU OPEN THE DOOR INSTEAD OF WALKING THROUGH IT?

I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD. I WAS FLESH. ARE YOU ANGRY WITH ME?

NO, I THINK I UNDERSTAND. YOU WEREN'T MADE OR BORN TO OBBY.

BUT, DO AS I SAY. WE'RE GOING TO GO INTO THE REALM OF THE SPIRITS.



"HE TOLD ME TO TAKE HIM TO THE MOUNTAINS, THE HIGHEST MOUNTAINS IN THE WORLD."

"I TOOK HIM FAR, THEN HOME, HE COMMANDED SPIRITS, WHO STOOD AROUND ME IN AWE."

"I BROUGHT HIM THINGS THAT WOULD HURT NO ONE."

"I WANDERED MILETUS AND LEARNED ABOUT THE GREEKS, THEIR BELIEF IN ETHICS, THOUGH THEY COULD BE CRUEL."

"MY FIRST ERRAND FOR HIM WAS TO GO TO THE HOUSE OF LYSANDER AND STEAL EVERY MANUSCRIPT, IN THE FLESH."

"THE CHORE PROVED EASY ENOUGH, EXPANDING AND CONTRACTING MY SIZE TO CARRY THEIR GREAT BUNDLE."

"I TRAVELED WITH HIM. I DID HIS BIDDING IN ALL THINGS."

"I KILLED, AND I LIKED IT VERY MUCH. I TOLD ZURVAN."

"I CARRIED ZURVAN'S LESSONS FOREVER, EVEN DURING THE DARKEST TIMES."

"HIS DEATH CAME SUDDENLY, IN HIS SLEEP."

"I WAS CALLED ON ONLY WHEN THE HOUSE WAS BEING RAIDED BY THIEVES. I SLEW EVERYONE PRESENT, DOWN TO THE SMALLEST CHILD."

"I GRIEVED AND WANDERED, AND EVENTUALLY WENT BACK INTO THE BONES AND DARKNESS."

"I REMEMBER HIS FACE WITH LOVE."

"WHAT ZURVAN TAUGHT ME IN THE NEXT FIFTEEN YEARS WAS AN EXTENSION AND ELABORATION OF THOSE FIRST LESSONS."

"HE SAID 'YOU HAVE TO LEARN TO LOVE. TO BE KIND, IS BETTER. KINDNESS HAS MORE POWER THAN KILLING. YOU KNEW IT WHEN YOU WERE ALIVE. YOU'LL COME TO SEE IT.'"



"I AWOKE MUCH LATER
TO FAINT MEMORIES
OF ZURVAN, BUT IT WAS
ANOTHER CENTURY.

"I WAS PASSED
TO ANOTHER
AND ANOTHER.

"I WAS CALLED FORTH IN
ATHENS, TO A MACEDONIAN
MAGICIAN WHO WAS AS AMAZED
TO SEE ME AS I WAS HIM.

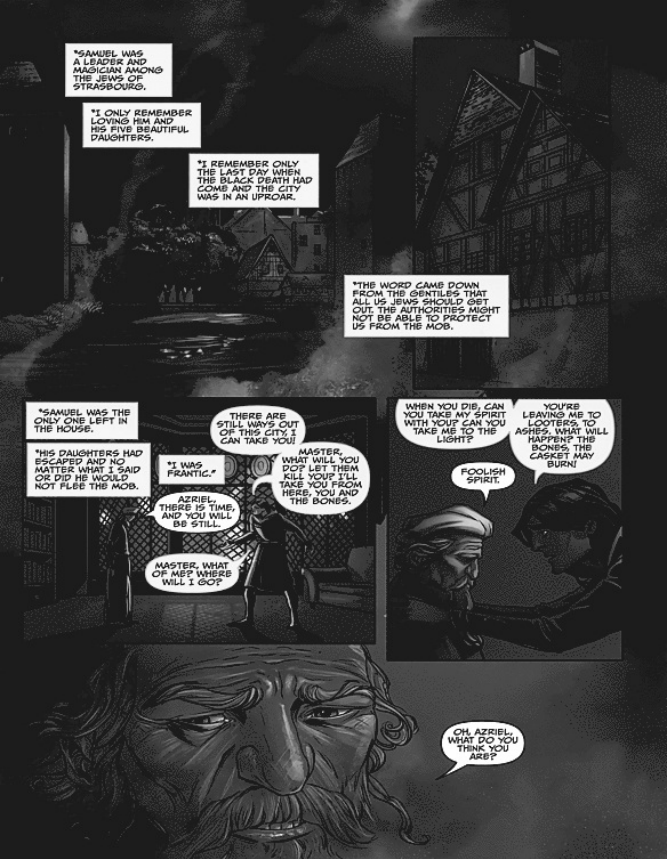
"I WAS AN ERRAND BOY,
A SPIRIT SENT TO SPY.

"I REMEMBER KILLING.
I SLEW TWO MASTERS
UPON WAKING, KNOWING
THEY WERE EVIL MEN.

"I COULD STRUGGLE THROUGH
OTHER MASTERS, BUT THERE IS NO
DIGNITY, MAGIC, OR GREATNESS
THAT CALLS TO ME TO RECOUNT.

"EXCEPT... I WAS BACK IN BABYLON WHEN
ALEXANDER THE GREAT DIED. I DRESSED AS A
SOLDIER, EVEN IN DYING HE WAS BEAUTIFUL
AND STRANGELY ALERT. I WOULDN'T REMEMBER
HIM IF IT WASN'T FOR GREGORY BELKIN.

"WHAT I REMEMBERED
MOST WHEN I AWOKE IN
NEW YORK, WAS THE
LAST MASTER... SAMUEL
OF STRASBOURG."



"SAMUEL WAS
A LEADER AND
MAGICIAN AMONG
THE JEWS OF
STRASBOURG.

"I ONLY REMEMBER
LOVING HIM AND
HIS FIVE BEAUTIFUL
DAUGHTERS.

"I REMEMBER ONLY
THE LAST DAY WHEN
THE BLACK DEATH HAD
COME AND THE CITY
WAS IN AN UPROAR.

"THE WORD CAME DOWN
FROM THE GENTILES THAT
ALL US JEWS SHOULD GET
OUT. THE AUTHORITIES MIGHT
NOT BE ABLE TO PROTECT
US FROM THE MOB.

"SAMUEL WAS THE
ONLY ONE LEFT IN
THE HOUSE.

"HIS DAUGHTERS HAD
ESCAPED AND NO
MATTER WHAT I SAID
OR DID HE WOULD
NOT FLEE THE MOB.

THERE ARE
STILL WAYS OUT
OF THIS CITY, I
CAN TAKE YOU!

"I WAS
FRANTIC."

AZRIEL,
THERE IS TIME,
AND YOU WILL
BE STILL.

MASTER, WHAT
OF ME? WHERE
WILL I GO?

MASTER,
WHAT WILL YOU
DO? LET THEM
KILL YOU? I'LL
TAKE YOU FROM
HERE, YOU AND
THE BONES.

WHEN YOU DIE, CAN
YOU TAKE MY SPIRIT
WITH YOU? CAN YOU
TAKE ME TO THE
LIGHT?

YOU'RE
LEAVING ME TO
LOOTERS, TO
ASHES. WHAT WILL
HAPPEN? THE
BONES, THE
CASKET MAY
BURN!

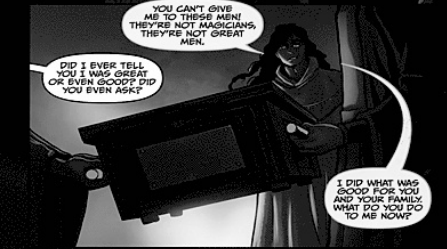
FOOLISH
SPIRIT.

OH, AZRIEL,
WHAT DO YOU
THINK YOU
ARE?



"GENTILE MERCHANTS
ARRIVED AT THE
DOOR. THEY PUT A
LETTER IN HIS HAND."

"ONLY TOO QUICKLY DID
I UNDERSTAND. I HAD
BEEN BARTERED AWAY
FOR THE SALVATION OF
HIS FIVE DAUGHTERS."



"YOU CAN'T GIVE
ME TO THESE MEN!
THEY'RE NOT MAGICIANS,
THEY'RE NOT GREAT
MEN."

"DID I EVER TELL
YOU I WAS GREAT
OR EVEN GOOD? DID
YOU EVEN ASK?"

"I DID WHAT WAS
GOOD FOR YOU
AND YOUR FAMILY.
WHAT DO YOU DO
TO ME NOW?"



"I CURSE YOU TO WALK AMONG THE
UNDEAD FOR ALL YOUR EXISTENCE
FOR LEADING ME TO LOVE YOU,
FOR BARTERING MY EXISTENCE,
FOR SELLING ME LIKE
GOLD!"

"LEAVE ME TO
MY MARTYRDOM."

"THE STREET WAS
FULL OF FLAMES."



"IT ENGULFED SAMUEL,
AND I FLEW UP AND AWAY
TOWARDS THE BONES."



"AWAY FROM THE
HORROR, INTO
DARKNESS."



"MINE WAS NOT AN
UNINTERRUPTED REST.

"I WAS CALLED, I
WAS TAKEN PLACES.

"I SLEW THOSE
WHO CALLED ME.

"WHY DIDN'T ANY OF THEM
DESTROY ME? BECAUSE
OF THE INSCRIPTIONS
THAT WARNED AGAINST A
MASTERLESS SPIRIT WHO
COULD SEEK REVENGE.

"I THINK I REMEMBER
A WINTER IN POLAND. A
DISCUSSION BETWEEN
TWO LEARNED MEN.
THEY DECIDED THAT
MY BONES MUST BE
HIDDEN. THEY WERE
GOOD MEN. I SLEPT.

"WHEN I CAME TO LIFE AGAIN IT
WAS AS A TRIO OF ASSASSINS
MADE THEIR WAY TO KILL
INNOCENT ESTHER BELKIN.

"I DID NOT
KNOW HER,
BUT I HAD
TO STOP IT.

"BUT I WAS
TOO LATE..."

TO BE CONTINUED...

AESTHETIC THEORY

Contrive a poem out of ears.
Tell it
so that its petals unchocolate
like a brain in a jar.
Wax walnut, melting with thought.
Make it a poem almost
lewdly knowledgeable
and make its knowledge
ooze, syrup from the punched trunk.
Make it snake up to the molecule whorey
and put its mouth
atomic against the mouth of its core.
Pull on its stem
To expose its foetus. Make it
Have children with sleek ginger jaws,
Make the dogs moan when it passes,
let it out of its jar,
make it lie with our corpse, our chaos.
Make it hungry, evil, enemy of Death.
Put it on paper. Read it. Make surgery
its sigh, and of such sting
the scorpions call it Jehovah & Who.
Make it now before you crap out.
Contrive it, sperm it, stroke it,
make it efficient, make it fit,
make it more poem than Poem can survive.

Stan Rice, *Some Lamb* 1975

IDW PUBLISHING IN OCTOBER: COUNTING DOWN

Musings & Hot Mustard from IDW's Director of Retail Marketing, Dirk Wood

THE HORROR. THE HORROR!



Halloween is in the air! The retail displays are everywhere. The children are already counting the days, the teenagers are buying spray paint, and grown men everywhere are preparing to go to parties dressed as Lady Gaga.

In the middle of all this madness, don't forget the true roots of Halloween! That's right, pure, terrifying, unadulterated horror... And no one does that better than IDW!

For starters, how about our original horror hit *30 Days of Night*, going monthly for the first time! From creator **Steve Niles** and horror artist supreme **Sam Kieth**!

When you think about horror, how can you NOT think about **H.P. Lovecraft**? How about some of his classic tales brought to life by horror master **Joe R. Lansdale**? Does it get freakier than that? Check out *H.P. Lovecraft's The Dunwich Horror* #1! Also this month, look for *The Lovecraft Library Vol. 1...* A collection of classic tales featuring new illustrations from **menton31**!



And horror didn't just get started yesterday, you know! Check out **Craig Yoe's** new addition to the *Chilling Archives of Horror Comics*, **Bob Powell's Terror!** If you've never heard of cult favorite **Bob Powell**, get ready to see some of the creepiest and most imaginative horror comics of all time!

That's it this time



around guys. I'm too scared to continue. I'm going to stop reading these awesome books, and climb under the covers and cry.



-Dirk
Dirk Wood
Director, Retail Marketing

IDW

OCTOBER RELEASES FROM IDW PUBLISHING

COMICS • COMICS • COMICS • COMICS • COMICS • COMICS • COMICS

30 Days of Night #1
Anne Rice's *Servant of the Bones* #3
Cobra Ongoing #6
Cold War #1
Cold War B/W Edition #1
Crawl To Me #4
Crysis #5
Dead Rising: Road to Fortune #1
Doctor Who #10
Duke Nukem: Glorious Bastard #4
Dungeons & Dragons #12
Dungeons & Dragons: Forgotten Realms: Drizzt #3
Eternal Descent, Vol. 2 #1
Ghostbusters #2
G.I. Joe: A Real American Hero #171
G.I. Joe: Ongoing Vol. 2 #6
Godzilla: Gangsters & Goliaths #5
Godzilla: Kingdom of Monsters #8
H.P. Lovecraft's The Dunwich Horror #1
Jurassic Park: Dangerous Games #2
Locke & Key: Clockworks #3
Monocyte #1
Snake Eyes Ongoing #6
Star Trek/ Legion of Superheroes #1

Star Trek Ongoing #2
TMNT Ongoing #3
Transformers #27
Transformers #28
True Blood: The French Quarter #3



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30 Days of Night Omnibus TPB
Angel: After the Fall, Vol. 3 TPB
Art of Jeffrey Jones HC
Art of Jim Starlin HC
Baja TPB

Bloom County, Vol. 4 S & N Ltd. Ed. HC
Bloom County, Vol. 5 HC
Bob Powell's Terror HC
Code Word: Gertrude HC
Complete Dick Tracy, Vol. 12 HC
Danger Girl Deluxe TPB
Doctor Who Dave Gibbons Collection HC
Dungeons & Dragons Classics, Vol. 2 TPB
G.I. Joe Omnibus, Vol. 1 TPB
G.I. Joe, Vol. 1: Cobra Civil War TPB
Humpty Dumpty TPB
John Byrne's Next Men, Vol. 2: Scattered, Pt. 2 HC
Kill Shakespeare, Vol. 2 TPB
Locke & Key 2012 Calendar
Lovecraft Library, Vol. 1: Horror Out of Arkham HC
Rip Haywire TPB
Sherlock Holmes: The Greatest Cases HC
That Hellbound Train TPB
Wally Wood's EC Stories: Artist's Edition HC
Witch & Wizard, Vol. 1: The Battle for Shadowland TPB
Zombies vs. Robots: UnderCity HC

ANNE RICE'S SERVANT OF THE BONES



Azriel continues his tale of dark destiny and betrayal as he finally becomes The Servant of the Bones and learns of the horror behind the name.

Cover by Ronae DeLiz

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